

## [The Boat for Olympia]

Dup.

Folklore

Circumstances of Interview

STATE- Washington

NAME OF WORKER - Verna L. Stamolis

ADDRESS - P.O. Box #112, University Station, Seattle, Washington

DATE - Dec. 21, 1938, 11:30 a.m.

SUBJECT - Pioneers

1. Name and address of informant - Charles A. Kinnear, 1010

4th and Pike Building, Seattle

2. Date and time of interview - Dec. 21, 11:30 a.m.

3. Place of interview - Offices of G. Kinnear [Co?]., 4th and Pike Bldg.

4. Name and address of person who put me in touch with informant -

Frank R. Atkins, 608 Olympic Place, Seattle, Washington.

5. Description of [rooms?] - suits of offices, well furnished; an old-fashioned safe in entrance room.

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Folklore

Personal History of Informant

STATE - Washington

NAME OF WORKER - Verna L. Stamolis

ADDRESS - P.O. Box #112, University Station, Seattle, Washington

DATE- Dec. 21, 1938

SUBJECT - "The Boat for Olympia" - "Pieces of Rope"

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT - Charles A. Kinnear, 1010

4th and Pike Building, Seattle.

1. Ancestry - American
2. Place and date of birth - March 22, 1868, Metamcora Metamora, Illinois.
3. Family - Father served in Union Army in Civil War
4. Places lived in - Illinois, Washington, Michigan
5. Education - University of Washington, B.A.; University of Michigan, Bachelor of Laws.
6. Occupations - Realtor. Now president of G. Kinnear Co. which deals in real estate and rental properties.
7. Special skills and interests - Photography, horticulture

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8. Community activities - Leader in civic and social groups. Belongs to: Masonic Order, Ancient Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Accepted Scottish Rite Orders. Member of Seattle Chamber of Commerce, and Washington Athletic Club.

9. Description of informant - A man of seventy, looks fifty-five; fairly tall, comfortably stout; very carefully dressed; courteous, but wastes no words - goes straight to the point.

### THE BOAT FOR OLYMPIA

"When I was a boy, my father and I were down on the beach at the edge of Seattle one day. He turned over some small boulders a foot or so in size each way, and showed me the tiny crabs which scuttled out from under. They were about an inch long. He told me to find an old can and gather up as many of the crabs as I could find and put them in the can. We would go fishing the next morning at Yesler's Wharf, and use the little crabs for bait.

"On the way home he told me we should have to get up early. I asked how we could wake up in time. He answered that everybody in Seattle got up by the boat whistle, the boat that left for Olympia each day. Its whistle blew at six o'clock, half past six, and a quarter to seven.

"The next morning there was a thick fog. We could see only a dozen feet ahead. As we were going down toward the wharf, we saw ahead of us two tall men wearing long coats and silk hats. We found out later they were two preachers.

"The two men came to a wide doorway barely visible in the fog. They entered and sat down on a bench near the door. There was a huge engine in the room, and a caretaker who was looking after it.

"My father went on down to the wharf. But I stood outside a window looking in and listening through the door which was open an inch or two. After about ten minutes, the two men

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showed signs of restlessness, and at last, one of them asked the caretaker, 'What time does this boat leave?'

"What boat?'

"Isn't this the boat for Olympia?'

"Hell, no! This is Yesler's Sawmill. The boat for Olympia left ten minutes ago."

### PIECES OF ROPE

"A young man, a Mr. Reynolds, held in high esteem by all the citizens of Seattle, left his home one morning for his place of business down town. He had been recently married to a beautiful young woman. She came down to the gate with him that morning. He kissed her good-bye and went down the street while she stood watching him.

"Suddenly two men appeared in front of him with revolvers in their hands and commanded him to give them whatever money he had. Instead, he reached for his revolver. The two robbers shot at the same instant. Mr. Reynolds fell to the sidewalk - dead.

"The whole town was soon in an uproar. The old fire bell clanged its summons. Men came running from everywhere. They were informed of the terrible affair and told to search in every possible place for the two murders. They scattered about the streets, the woods, and the waterfront. Every place was watched. Holes were bored in all small boats so that no one could escape by water. [??]

"That night, one of the men on guard in the streets, trod on something that went soft under his feet. He stooped down and found it to be a rubber boot with a human foot and leg [inside?] it. He pulled the man out from under the sidewalk where he had been hiding, at the same time yelling for help. They found the second bandit a few feet away.

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“The next morning a brief trial took place at Yesler's store. In the meantime, the town sheriff had taken a boat across the Sound to Kitsap County, thus shirking all responsibility for whatever happened.

“The two murders were taken over to Yesler's home where a row of maple trees had grown up. A strong timber had already been placed 2 across the branches of two trees standing side by side. The men were strung up. The streets were filled with people, men, women and children.

“The crowd was in a sort of frenzy. Men of the town stretched out their hands eagerly to get hold of the ropes. They kept raising and lowering the culprits, keeping time to a 'Heave, Ho! Heave, Ho!'

The scalps and faces of the men were terribly lacerated when they were bumped with great force against the overhanging timber. They tried to shield their faces and heads with their hands and arms. It was an awful sight. [?]

“The mob was not satisfied with the death of the two murderers. They rushed to the town jail, and with heavy timbers broke open the doors, dragged out a prisoner there, took him down to the place of execution under the maple trees, and hanged him also. This man had shot a policeman who had run after him at night. The man, not knowing it was an officer, but believing it to be a robber, shot his pursuer. The policeman died the next day. Before he died, he told people that he himself was to blame, for he had not told the man he was an officer, and he was not wearing his uniform.

“The three men were left hanging on the cross-beam until four o'clock that day. We boys climbed up on the fence and cut off pieces of rope hanging from the necks of the dead men.

“The bodies were cut down and carted off late in the afternoon, and buried in the Potter's Field. Two men were put into one rough casket, and the other man alone. Long ends of

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rope were left hanging from the coffins, and those ropes were held up while the earth was filled in, so that they lay along the ground outside the graves.

“The boys and girls of the town used to go to the Potter's Field and pull at these ropes to see what would happen. We boys went to school wearing pieces of rope tied to our suspenders, and the girls with pieces of rope tied to their pigtailed or braided hair.

“For a long time, Seattle was a peaceful, law-abiding place. People did not even look lock their doors at night.”